CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 53--NO. 44. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886. WHOLE NO. 2,717.

Drugs, Paints, Varnishes, Window Glass, Fire Proof Coal Oil, Landreth's Garden Seeds !

At Wholesale and Retail at

OWEN & MOORE'S,

47 FRANKLIN STREET

Special attention given to the retail department, freshly ground Spices, Black and Green Teas, the best in the market. Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded day and night.

May 30, 1885—tf

IMPORTANT.

The firm of Bowling & Willson, before the dissolution, bought for the coming season their usual Large Stock of Ziegler and other lines of Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Fine Shoes and Slippers, Children's School Shoes,

Men's, Youths' and Boys' FINE SHOES, John B. Stetson & Co.'s

FIN SOFT AND STIFF HATS,

Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neckties, Underwear, Etc.

Of other manufacturers. None of the above orders could be canceled, as the goods were in the works, and many of them ready to ship. No other house in Clarksville will receive a larger stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Furnishing Goods than I will this season.

THERE WILL BE AT LEAST **$20,000** WORTH OF BOOTS, SHOES, &c

That I have instructed H. B. Willson, S. R. Daly, M. L. Cross and Willie Yates to sell at just sufficient profit to pay expense of selling them. I don't want anything out of the business this year. My sole object is to reduce the stock so I can close it out to another party next year. I have no fine storehouse to blow about and pay big rent for (I pay no rent.) Fine stores don't make goods any cheaper or better, but on the contrary, it takes big profits to keep up fine stores and make big displays, but I have the finest Shoes, Hats, etc.

So ponder well the above truths. Come and examine the stock, and you will be convinced that this is no "cheap talk," but Cold Facts, and that you can save from 25 cents to $1.50 on every hat or pair of shoes you buy this year. Respectfully,

J. M. BOWLING.

February 26, 1886.—tf.

STILL AHEAD !

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

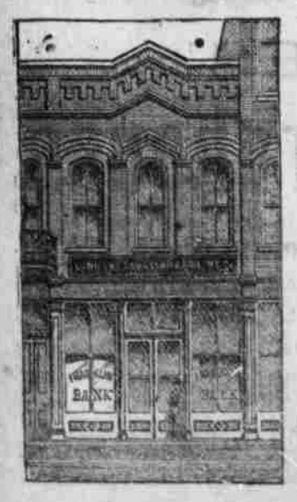
PREPARED PAINTS!

CALL ON

Lockert & Reynolds,

Sole Agents, for sample cards and full information.

FRANKLIN BANK.



FRANKLIN STREET,

Clarksville, Tenn.

BUYS & SELLS EXCHANGE

—ON—

NEW YORK, MEMPHIS, NEW ORLEANS, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, NASHVILLE, SAINT LOUIS

And all Accessible Points.

Prompt Attention to Collections

W. S. POINDEXTER, Cashier.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG.

HENRY TYRRELL IN WIDE AWAKE.

'Twas Gettysburg's last day,
The dead and wounded lay
On trampled fields and ridges battle-torn.
Among the outer posts,
Around the guarded hosts,
Rode Hancock, watchful, on the fatal morn.

And lo! a little child,
With eyes and tresses wild,
Close to the lines had strayed, and met him there
And tightly to her breast
A heavy load she prest—
A musket!—all her slender strength could bear.

"My brave and pretty dear,
Tell me how came you here
Upon the field before the fight is done?"
Then, at her lisped reply,
Tears dimmed the General's eye;
"My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun."

[An actual incident, related by Gen. Hancock.]

YOU CAME SO NEAR.

RUTH HALL IN PUCK.

You came so near that once and when, and then
Stood in the way of awkward men,
As, with your eyes bent on me so, I watched the crimson sunset grow,
And night closed in on field and fen.

I felt your purpose grow and grow;
You did not ask—could I say No?
And who shall say what might have been?
You came so near.

Your arm slipped—ah, be still my pen!
I but drew back; then close again
You drew me—close. Your head bent low—
A sudden noise! You let me go,
Oh, was it not a pity, when
You came so near?

CYCLONES AS IS CYCLONES.

Andy Bridger Gives Some Pointers in Regard to Cyclones.

Correspondence of the Louisville Times.

CROPSVILLE, ALA., May 13.

Me and my old lady has been reading in the Curier-Jurnal about the way the Ciclones has been tearing up the country and a killing men women and children up in your country and telling what different people sed about as to how they done and me and my wife don't think they was Ciclones or if they wus the fellows want there or did not know what a Ciclone wus. They must have bin just sorter storms and es my old lady sed we owed it to the people to tell what we have seed and herd so if they saw one of um a coming they mought know what it wus and what to do most generally. We thought we orter write yu and ef yu want to put it in your paper excusin of mistakes yu can do it.

Now down in our country ciclones is ciclones and how they looked and what they did kin be proved if yu don't believe it. The furst thing they do is to tear down the niger churches if there are any in the deestrict. The nigers says they don't see how cum the lord has more spite agin the cullud people than the white and ses why don't they tare down sum of the white churches too but the white people tells them to prey less and brace up more which in general makes them mad. one ciclone tuk the shingles often a House & druv one of them by the sharp immedutely through a big cedar telegram pole so one end of the shingle wus on one side of the pole and the other end on the other side and it want much ciclone either least wise it wus down below thar. If yu don't believe it you go to the Smithvil institution at Washington, they has the pole and the shingle. The Same ciclone cum down in ant Melviny's back yard and got inside her big wash pot and turned that pot bodasinely inside out & it looked like the same pot only the legs wus in the in the inside. If yu don't believe it go down thar and see the pot ornless somebody hes tuck it to the same place at Washington. The same cielone cum down in old man Jone's back yard and go right down in his well and if it didn't twist the inside up the well ontil yu could not let the bucket down and it look like a big augur. If yu don't believe it go down thar and se the well onless it has caved in. The same ciclone tuk a big blazed old mule out of the stable without teching the door & lef him in the top of a big oak tree where he war found eating up the leaves. If yu don't believe it ax the mule if he are alive. Some of the papers tells about Fishes and birds falling from the clouds & I can't understand it. This is how it cum about. A ciclone ketched up all the water out of one of our Ponds & tuk the fish and when it got tired of them draped them to the yerth. The Cincinnaty papers sed the birds which were drapped thar was killed by the lectric lights, but my old lady think a ciclone had them and when it cum over cincinaty the smell from below was so bad it killed the ciclone and birds too which prove that woman has a reeson fur everything. es fur as the looks of ciclones they is different but they tare up all the same. sum looks like a wheel and sum is bigger at one end than the other. Ef me and my old lady heres of another one cuming our way we will telegram for yu & ef yu hav got any one yu are tired of you can send him down & we will give you a squar chance at the ciclone.

yr til deth

ANDY BRIDGER.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

Dogs in Lousville having become property, many citizens heretofore considered poor find themselves suddenly rich—*Courier-Journal.*

The Lyle Murder.

Memphis Avalanche.

Our special dispatch from Fulton, Ky., published on Saturday, recites the killing of one J. T. Lyle by W. W. Meacham. Such killings are too common in Kentucky to excite any attention. But there is something in the tone of the dispatch alluded to worth noticing.

It seems that the killing was on account of a rent bill of $30. The prelude of the difficulty was short and the affair very sudden.

Meacham shot Lyle twice in the face and three times in the back, and "thinks he was justifiable." It is not related that Lyle attempted any defense or showed any disposition to fight beyond thrusting his hands into his pockets before the shooting began. He was shot three times in the back, which would seem to indicate that he was trying to get away from his assailant.

The dispatch goes on to say that the occurence created very deep regret in the community," and there are many who are saddened over his untimely misfortune." Over whose misfortune? One would suppose over the murdered man's misfortune. But no. The regreat and sadness were all on account of the homocide, who, we are told, had a young wife. There is not a word of sympathy or regret for the murdered man. He is not mentioned after the killing at all. There is no information given of his personality, his family or connections.

The homicide alone is the object of commisseration. His friends admit that he had one weakness—a hasty temper—"as shown in this action;" otherwise he "would be a model." He was so unfortunate as to shoot a man twice in the face and three times in the back as a result of one weakness. He is therefore an object of deep commisseration to his fellow citizens. We presume on account of the temporary inconvenience of having to appear in a magistrate's court and the consequent shock to his young wife. This discounts ruffianism in the mining regions as portrayed by Mark Twain.

Without considering at all the real merits of this case or the true circumstances under which it occurred, the tone in which it is treated and the state of public sentiment thus exposed, is a sad commentary on the present civilization.

Where Wiberg's Wonderful Winning Was

Aug. Wiberg, 1431 South Tenth street, Omaha city, held one-fifth of ticket 73,040, which drew the capital prize of $150,000, in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, at New Orleans Tuesday, March 16th: through the First National Bank of Omaha, he sent it to the New Orleans National Bank, and received a draft for $30,000 made on the Hanover National Bank and was sent to Kountze Bros., New York city, for collection, and the sum of $30,000 was received.—*Omaha* (Neb.) *Republican,* April 17.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."—Shakespeare.
"And four times he who gets his blow in fust."—J. Billings.

Against a score of diseases that infest the human frame, he is ten times armed who has a bottle of Brown's Iron Tonic. For sale by Owen & Moore.

MILK.

Some Interesting Observations on the Nurture of Babies—Good Advice to Mothers.

The following is an extract from a paper contributed by Dr. D. F. Wright of this city to the Board of Health Bulletin:

It appears, then, that the human infant needs a smaller supply of the chief milk constituents than the calf, and it is at the same time able to digest less of them; this has long been practically known to nurses, doctors and parents, who find it necessary to dilute the cow's milk when it is supplied to the infant instead of the maternal yield; but this dilution is not sufficient to equalize the two, unless to the cow's milk is further added a certain amount of sugar, and since there is a slight difference between the chemical constitution and digestibility of the sugar of milk and cane sugar, the former ought to be added in preference to the latter. Milk sugar can generally be purchased at drug stores.

To understand the relations of sugar and oil to the value and potency of food, it is necessary here to make a slight digression. They are alike as being both hydro-carbons—that is, in consisting of carbon and hydrogen, combined with more or less oxygen, in the sugar with more, in the oil with less; but in both there is less oxygen than would be sufficient to convert the carbon and hydrogen into carbonic anhydride and water respectively. In the sugars (and starches which belong to the same class) the oxygen is exactly sufficient to oxydize the hydrogen into water, so that only the carbon has to be oxydized in order for combustion to be complete; but in the oils there is less oxygen, so that not only the carbon but part of the hydrogen needs to be oxidized to complete the combustion. It is the supply of animal heat furnished by this combustion hydro-carbons which determines their value as food; the oil produces more heat, as more oxygen is used in its consumption, but, for that very reason, it requires a more powerful digestive force to dispose of it in the stomach—in other words, it is less digestible, and for this reason, the digestive powers of the human infant being more feeble than those of any other animal at the same period of life, the excess of sugar over fat in human milk constitutes its adaptation to the nutrition of the human infant.

Let it not be supposed for an instant, however, that the most accurate chemical admixture of ingrediants can adequately compensate for the withholding of nature's sustenance from nature's only lawful source—the mother's breast. It is not only that ingrediants artificially mixed cannot be so intimately combined as they are in that wonderful laboratory, the lacteal glands of the mother; but this is not all; even if the mother's milk itself is extracted and administered from a bottle it is not the same thing as nursing at the breast. The warmth of the maternal embrace, the repose of the maternal bosom, the sacred joy of mother and child at the reunion which realizes the fact that the babe is flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone—these are as much factors of the healthy function as the caseine, sugar, oil and other approximate principles of the milk, as much so and as indispensible.

All mothers really know the truth of what we are saying, and all men may know who will observe the difference between a hand-raised baby, moaning and fretting over its bottle, and a happier one drawing its sustenance from its natural source, that life fountain,

Which is twice blest—
It blesses her that gives and him that takes.

We feel that there can be no subject calling so urgently for sanitary admonition and protest as the growing disposition of women to shrink from their function of lactation as if it were a burdensome and irksome task, rather than the dearest blessing bestowed by the Creater upon the sex.

We say that it is a growing evil; the excuses for it used to be but two—the demands of fashionable society, and the inability arising from ill-health; but now there are numberless calls on woman's time and labor which form the pretext for neglecting this, which is woman's paramount duty above all others. They want to devote themselves to art, and science, and literature, to preach and lecture, and practice medicine and law; they want to be church workers and movers in humanitarian associations, to hold meetings and organize themselves into associations—in short, they want to live in public, a desire which has always been been incompatible with those homely but solemn duties on which depend the rising up of a generation of healthy and vigorous men and women of the future. We have no right to preach to them, it is not our vocation to approach the subject from a moral and religious point of view; that we leave to the reverend clergy, and we hope that they realize their responsibilities in the matter, but in its physical and vital bearing the question imposes an onerous responsibility upon us as a public sanitary organization, our duty of enforcing the truth in relation to it is peremptory, and in pursuance of that duty, we will tell such mothers as are evading the maternal offices that what they are withholding from their infants is nothing short of their life's blood.

It is a pregnant fact, that has been observed in our large cities where, more than elsewhere, this mother's duty has been set aside, that while under improved sanitary administration the mortuary records have been slowly aud surely ameliorated, this mitigation of the death lists has not extended to the infant population; infant mortality has not diminished but, if anything increased. It will doubtless be answered to this that in great cities there are many causes besides this which are conducive to mortality, and we are constrained to admit it, though we firmly believe that this is among the most potent. But let us turn to a more decisive instance—the fondling hospitals. In these science and charity have exhausted their resources in the effort to find some substitute for the natural nourishment of which the poor victims are defrauded, and apparently in vain; for the mortuary statistics of fondling hospitals have been found so appalling that humane and charitable persons who are best informed upon the subject have come to doubt whether it is expedient to keep them in existence. The statistics of infant morality in private life and its causes are not so accessible. Marasmus, infantile diarrhea, strumous disease, tabes mesenterica, are convenient names under which hand-raised infants have their deaths reported, when deaths by starvation would give the true diagnosis expressed in plain English. Surely if the mothers of our land would realize the fact that thousands of infants die every year who might be reared to healthy maturity under a more natural regime, a salutary change would at least in some instances, be made in the habits unfavorable to lactation; even where sickness is the excuse they would seriously consider the cause of their inability, and ascertain whether it be not attributable to modes of life incompatible with moral and physical health.

But we are answered, "It is impossible, we have so many calls upon us, we should become positively of no account in the community if we shut ourselves up with our children all the time instead of going among our equals." Alas! the complaint is not confined to this highly civilized and enlightened country—the women of China seem to have a great deal to do besides their natural duties, and when these latter become very exacting, they quietly drop their babies in the river, and nothing is thought of it. It is to be feared we are becoming very Chinese in this respect; have not yet learned to utilize the river for this purpose, but the lady of fashion, the lady worker for church or temperance organizations, the female lecturer, doctor or lawyer, turn their infants over to a dry nurse and a bottle, while the mother of a pariah baby takes it to a foundling hospital or leaves it in a basket on somebody's doorstep or finally drops it into a sewage vault—and the result is one which would be highly satisfactory in China. Let it be understood that every infant that dies from preventable causes constitutes morally a cast of infanticide, and then, if mothers will lay it to heart, perhaps the records of infant mortality will gradually approach the improved standard of our adult reports. We must here abandon the subject, though it is far from being exhausted.

NOT THERE.

M. E. M. DAVIS.

My little maid, whose tangled hair
Outglints the warm sunshine,
Come round to dainty hollows fair,
Those dimpled palms of thine,
And send a fairy bugle-blast
Across the rosy morn
To call the bonny blue-eyed lad
A-hoeing in the corn.

She shakes her head, the little maid,
He is not there (she saith),
Nay, then, where rush green grasses sprend
And summer holds her breath,
Mayhap he leads the loitering kine;
Or where the sunbeams steep
The grassy slopes and shadows twine
He minds your father's sheep.

She shakes her head, the little maid,
He is not there (she saith.)
Nay, then, fleet-foot and unafraid
He speeds across the heath
A-chasing of the antlered deer;
The hounds are following fair;
His ringing shout I surely hear—
She saith, he is not there.

She brought me to the wind-swept hill,
Whose lonesome grasses wave
Thro' summer's heat and winter chill
O'er many a heaped-up grave;
But when with trembling tongue I prayed
The name of one who slept
Beneath the mound the newest made,
She answered not, but wept.

FROM WEST HARPETH.

To the Chronicle.

You will please allow me to assure you every now and then that the weekly visits of the CHRONICLE are greatly appreciated, and that we place a very high estimate upon it as an able and genteel paper.

In Methodist circles the General Conferance has been the subject of conversation for some time, the principal feature of which was the election of new bishops. Four more have been elected, all excellent men, but only one of them properally equipped for the office, as I see things. Dr. Key comes from the ranks of the Itineracy into the Episcopacy, while Drs. Duncan, Galloway and Hendrick belong to the "feather-bed cavalry,', two of them being school teachers and one of them an editor. They are men of talent and piety, and will be faithful to the trust committed to them, but will hardly be able to sympathize fully with the rank and file of the Itineracy, those who, on short rations, are breasting the dangered and hardships of the campaign.

We now have nine bishops, two of whom were taken directly from the Iteneracy—Hargrove and Key, the last named being the only one who had been in itinerate pastorate during his entire ministry. This fact, in connection with the refusal of the general conferance to require the bishops to consult the presiding elders and stationary preachers will start a sentiment in favor of electing bishops every four years instead of for life as we now do.

As to crops in Maury and Williamson counties, they are all promising except Irish potatoes which the bugs are trying to capture. Health good and a stirring election campaign brewing. When will the time come that men can run for office without so much excitement and bribery?

Our hearts often turn back to Montgomery, and with great sadness, as our friends one by one pass away. Was there ever a better woman than Mrs. W. G. Pickering? Her death caused many sighs in this household. To the bereaved ones nearest to her we extend our heartfelt condolence. They will see her again.

Brother Rice is enjoying "Old Antioch" circuit, of course, though he is not as free to say so as some of his predecessors were, one of whom was this writer. I am now on a circuit which he traveled four years and his name is as ointment poured forth over it.

I am getting quite rheumatic, and cannot write with as much ease as formerly. Love to all.

A. G. GOODLOE.

Fun to See

How some of the shoe men are taking it to heart because J. M. Bowling proposes to give the people all opportunity to buy goods this year at just a fraction over manufacturers prices—but boots, shoes, hats and gents furnishing goods will be sold at closer prices than ever before and J. M. Bowling is the man who has made the break in prices. A large fresh stock to select from.

THE are forty murderers under sentence of death in the Kansas penitentiary, waiting the Governor's signature to the death warants.

Have used Tongaline in neuralgia with perfect success; one was a case of neuralgia of the heart. J. H. Clarke, M. D., Cuba, Mo.

Two daily papers in Jeffersonville, Ind., are gotten out entirely by female compositors.

MARY ANDERSON'S performances since she returned from England last fall have thus far amounted to $310,000.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. price 25 cents per box. For sale by Owen & Moore.